

University of Chicago
SOCIALIST CLUB
Student League for Industrial Democracy

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Staff

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The University is not responsible for any material appearing herein.

"Red radicalism has planted a soapbox in every educational institution."

—William Randolph Hearst

AMERICANISM

Every since spring quarter began, we have been having our ears insulted by the constant bleating of the word "Americanism." And every time the word has been mentioned, the speaker has looked at his audience with anticipation, as if he expected everyone within hearing to drop to his knees, gasp, and bow rapidly three times toward the east. At every turn on campus, a red white and blue sign has screamed "Why Americanism" at us until we are tempted to say "Why indeed" and turn and go about our business. But such a superficial dismissal of the question can not be satisfactory. After all, there must be some reason for this hullabaloo. Just what is this nebulous thing "Americanism" that it can make legionnaires forego their families night after night and spend their time drinking in sooty bars, waiting for unprotected collegians to come along?

There are as many definitions of "Americanism" as there are Americans. In the deep south it means lynchings and vicious racial discrimination; in Chicago it means a corrupt political machine led by the Respected Head of a Family running the government. Among all these definitions, most of which are not prompted by history, philology, or altruism, there is only one accepted tradition called American which can have any meaning for our generation. That is the rigidly intelligent tradition that stems from New England—not the New England of the Sewells and Mathers—but the home of Emerson, Thoreau, and Wendell Phillips. The only American tradition that can be justified in these times is the fighting one of William Lloyd Garrison and his *Liberator*. And we can very well imagine what these earnest foes of entrenched property would have thought of our Hearsts, Hayeses, and Carrolls, our American Legion hoodlums and their campus counterparts. While we're at it, let's get back to real Americanism.

DEMOCRACY

If believing in and fighting for democracy is American, then Socialists are Americans. Professor Merriam says in his *Political Power*:

...an intimate examination of the Socialist state (or whatever the appropriate name may be for what is commonly termed the state) leads to the unavoidable conclusion that it is fundamentally democratic in basic assumptions.... namely, the belief in the wide distribution of ability among mankind, the appreciation of fraternity among mankind, the emphasis on mass sentiment as the ultimate point of departure and control as against an elite in whatever form.

The democracy for which Socialists fight is a democracy guaranteeing the individual not only the right to political freedom but also the right to industrial democracy.

We as individuals have as much right to manage industry for the social good as we have a right to choose our political officers.

Prof. Merriam is honest enough to recognise that Socialism means democracy—and democracy means Americanism.

Socialists are truly the vanguard in the struggle for Americanism.

REVOLUTION

Socialists will not only make the Socialist state truly democratic, but also hope to make the struggle for power a matter of democratic procedure. Professor Krueger shows in his article in this issue of SOAPBOX that the decision as to how the struggle for power will be conducted lies not with the Socialists.

It is on the shoulders of the present ruling class that the responsibility lies for whatever violence occurs in the transfer of power to the working class. And we can have no illusions about their sense of justice and democracy.

We have a clear-eyed recognition of the fact that—to paraphrase a 1776 slogan—"Legislation without representation is tyranny."

When the time comes, a new Samuel Adams will rise in a new Boston Meeting House and declare again, "This meeting can do no more." There will be an ample and well prepared force ready to go out and spill the capitalist tea.

SOCIALIST CLUB CALENDAR

May 8. Sam Berger, head of Chicago Labor College, will speak on "Opportunities for College Students in the Trade Union Movement." Social Science 302, 3:30 P. M.

May 15. Albert Goldman, one of the defense attorneys, will speak on "The Truth about the Sacramento Criminal Syndicalism Trials." Social Science Assembly, 3:30 P. M.

May 16. Mass meeting for Norman Thomas, leader of the Socialist Party, at International House in the evening.

May 18. All Chicago Student L.I.D. party at the Marshall Field Gardens, 8:00 P. M. Admission fifteen cents.

Tickets for the last two events may be purchased from members of the Socialist Club.

Hearst - The Galahad of Capitalism

ALLISON ACKLEY

In one of those moments of impulsive honesty which have spotted his career, William Randolph Hearst last fall told the proletariat what he and his fellow exploiters thought of it.

On Nov. 26 he said in a front page editorial in his nation wide chain of newspapers:

"Fascism is definitely a movement to oppose and offset Communism and so prevent the least capable and the least creditable classes from getting control of the government.

"Fascism will only come into existence in the United States when such a movement becomes really necessary for the prevention of Communism....

"The proletariat, as defined by the dictionary, was the lowest order of citizenship in Rome.

"It was composed of the citizens without property of any kind and the reason they had no property was because they had the lowest intelligence, the least industry, and the least thrift."

From the business standpoint this outburst was a grave error and Hearst may since have regretted it. It antagonized even the conservative sections of the working class. But it was uttered in the heat of battle. It was intended as a salient in a smashing offensive against communists which the Hearst press carried on through November and December. During these months editorials against radical and liberal teachings in colleges and universities, and against the Soviet Union appeared at regular intervals of two or three days. News stories with facts distorted or falsified to malign communism, radical professors, or the Soviet Union played a gentle obligato to the editorial fortissimo.

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In a supreme test of its virility, the Hearst press on Jan. 2 demanded a congressional investigation of radical teachings in colleges and universities. Washington was silent. Hearst transferred his attack from the columns of his papers to the organizational front. At present he is one of the "angels" of the Fascist youth movement in colleges and universities, a branch of the American Liberty League. He is both the inspiration and the voice for the American Legion's anti-communist campaign.

But when the Hearst press resumes its broadside, as the interests of its owner dictate that it must, the attack will be mighty. For the California publisher owns a multitude of newspapers and magazines, movie newsreels and radio, an international news and feature service. He furnishes the daily reading matter for one out of every four persons in the United States.

* * * *

How did this marriage of fourth rate brain and power come about?

Hearst was born in California in 1863, the son of a plutocrat who made his millions in mining. He went to Harvard, where he majored in pranks. The pundits of Cambridge were shocked by this playboy of the west-

ern world and finally expelled him. Seeking an instrument for his ego, Hearst stumbled upon the journalism founded by Joseph Pulitzer in 1883; a journalism which presented the news in terms of heart throbs.

At 23 Hearst persuaded his father to give him the San Francisco Examiner. He lost half a million dollars before he made it pay, but when he had perfected the formula, five years later, his paper was making the largest profit in the west. Three years later Hearst bought the N. Y. Morning Journal.

* * * *

Hearst has long been known as the ace "faker" of journalism, the pioneer in manufacturing news stories which will (1) help to sell his papers; (2) give emphasis to Hearst propaganda. James Weber Linn, a professor at the University of Chicago and for a dozen years a Hearst writer, reveals how the famous "Diary" of the murdered Ruth Randall, the "scoop" that put the Chicago Herald and Examiner on the map, was fabricated by Walter Howey, managing editor of the Herald and Examiner. Howey was merely a faithful follower of the Hearst tradition, which had precipitated the Spanish-American war by lies; attempted unsuccessfully to bring on hostilities with Mexico by the same method; faked dispatches from the A.B.C. Mediation Conference at Niagara Falls 1914; published an identical picture in the English New York American and the German Der Morgen Journal during the World War, the first bearing the caption "This is the type of the English soldier who is doing such fine work on the battlefield in France," the second the legend, "British troops who are able to sprint so fast that German soldiers cannot catch up with them."

Early in his career Hearst indulged in a muckraking campaign against political boodle, privilege, municipal malfeasance. Crusading appealed to his exuberant exhibitionism, and he had not logic enough to see the economic implications of muckraking. Besides, it won him circulation among the masses, who still thought they might find a messiah in the owning classes. He preached radical democracy in his editorial columns. He got political ambitions.

After a term as Tammany's congressman from the eleventh New York district in 1902, characterized by failure to introduce any major legislation and absence from most of the sessions, Hearst spent two million dollars trying to win the Democratic nomination for the presidency in 1905. He was ruthless in his campaign. It was reported that he threatened to ruin through his papers all delegates who opposed him.

But the wild, aimless ravings of his press and his forthright exploitation of his own workers had provided a stronger opposition than even Hearst millions could silence. His prankish muckraking had alarmed the conservative press, which labeled him a rank socialist. At the same time he encountered vigorous opposition from the organized sections of the working class whom his tirades against privilege might have won. On May 26, 1904 the Wall Street Journal asked whether Hearst's silence on the oppression of the delivery clerks' union and the upholsterers' union had anything to do

with the fact that the department stores, his A-1 advertisers, were the oppressors in this case. On June 16, 1904, the New York Tribune reported that the union papermakers were thoroughly disgusted with Hearst's verbal tributes to union labor and his silence to their demands that he shift his patronage from non-union to union manufacturers.

He obtained only 100 votes of the slightly less than 1000 cast at the Democratic presidential convention.

He met similar ignominious defeats when he ran first for mayor of New York City and then for governor of the state. In campaigning for the latter office, Hearst made his final attempt to be the arch-demagogue of the American proletariat. His speeches rage with fiery denunciation of the the wealth and privilege of which he was himself a glowing example. He supported the eight-hour day, the prevailing wage rates in government work, public ownership of public utilities, restraint and regulation of trusts, the protection of American labor.

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By 1907, however, when all political hope was gone, Hearst was again safely back in the folds of his own class. In a Labor Day speech at Jamestown, he declared: "The great financial promoters, organizers, executives of America are worthy of recognition and reward.... Let them have wealth as long as it is honestly acquired through enterprises that benefit the whole community."

But if the public denied Hearst office, he was by no means politically idle. He was more responsible than any other one person for the Spanish-American War. His papers carried lurid falsehoods of Spanish atrocities, intended at once to boost circulation and incite the American public to battle for this island, so valuable to capitalists. His technique involved the stealing of dispatches, faking, distortion, and political lashing. When war was declared, the circulation of Hearst's New York papers had risen to more than a million and American imperialism had at last been born. It was a lusty and greedy infant, proud offspring of maturing capitalism, a credit to Hearst, the midwife.

He vigorously opposed America's entry into the World War, partly because he hated Wilson, partly, it is said, because an intimate woman friend of Teutonic origin influenced him against the Allies. But when the battle was on he became as jingoistic as a munitions maker. He printed little flags all over his papers. Of those he wrote to his editor: "I think that they have been very good for this week, giving us a very American

character and probably helping us sell papers."

Today, Hearst is still riding the crest of his times. Capitalism is in its death throes. It is no time for ruling class concessions to muckrakers and reformers. Besides, Hearst's business interests are more far flung than ever, his financial alliances with other members of his class more intimate. In a recent article in the New Masses, John L. Spivak has shown that he is closely connected with the copper interests of Morgan and of Kuhn-Loeb and that his metal was among that being considered for purchase by the Nazi government. He is tied up with the Morgan-du Pont interests and with A. P. Giannini, one of the "angels" of the American Legion's recently attempted Fascist coup. He is closely allied with Lord Rothermere, who backs Mosley's Fascist army in England.

Late last summer Hearst visited Germany and had a long talk with Adolf Hitler. Presumably it was a pleasant talk, for shortly after the publisher returned to this country Hitler ordered all German newspapers to subscribe to Hearst's International News Service. When Hearst reached his magnificent California barony, he was visited by John J. Raskob, Irene du Pont, and E. F. Hutton, three powerful Eastern capitalists. Apparently the conversation was again earnest, and it may have touched on politics and its relation to industry and on national defense, so near to the heart of Mr. du Pont, the munitions manufacturer. For immediately afterward the Hearst press began its intensive drive against radicalism in college and universities, and the Soviet Union, and its agitation for a bigger army and navy.

* * * *

It is inevitable that the Hearst press should provide the loudest voice for American Fascism. Inevitable despite the fact that in the half century of his career Hearst's sole consistence has been inconsistency. Today even so rampant an individualist as the California playboy realizes that his interests are the interests of all industrialists and financiers; that he can survive only by maintaining a united front with his class. When capitalism was in robust health he never hesitated to turn lying to his ends. Today we may expect his titanic resources of news gathering and dissemination to flood the nation with a torrent of lies against all forces which oppose ruling class domination. And when American capitalism has gathered its straggling forces into a Fascist front, Hearst's paper will be worthy successors to Hitler's Nazi journals.

With Uncle Sam in the Woods

JAMES PATTERSON

Last summer I spent three months in the Civilian Conservation Corps. We were located in the Chippewa National forest of northern Minnesota. At that time the Minneapolis Truck Strike (the second one) was in full swing, and naturally the camp was tremendously interested in the latest developments. Almost half the boys were from the Twin Cities, many had relatives out on strike, all were affected personally to some degree. We'd had several bull sessions in the bunk-houses arguing pro and con. Of course, as about seventy per cent of the men came from the proletariat, there was no doubt

as to their position on the whole union problem.

But that Sunday morning we had all gone over to the recreation hall for church services. The minister from the nearest town, who was officiating, had just returned from the cities, (this was after the National Guard had been called in) and was, it appeared, shocked at the goings-on. His sermon grew hotter and hotter. The poor, dear employers with all their rights laid waste. The rascally reds who were behind the whole thing. Moscow gold. Atheism. Socialism and socialists who evidently were even worse than the communists

because they were more insidious. The adjectives flashed and soared, he grew more and more purple as he warmed up to the task, and everything was dandy until he started on the Union.

I think it was Whitey Tomlin who started it, but I'm not sure. Whitey had two brothers out on strike. Anyway, someone jumped to his feet, walked to the door and turned. "Call me back when you get to Jesus," he said. By that time the rest of us were on our way, filing out in dignified silence, leaving the minister facing an audience of two.

Two weeks later a regular Army chaplain was installed. At the same time, the civilian mess steward and supply steward were replaced by sergeants of the regular army. An extra lieutenant came up to help "administrate." And the corps H. Q. began to crack down. Leaves were cancelled. A second A. W. O. L. meant a dishonorable discharge, where formerly the man had only been fined. The only excuse for new leaves was death or sickness in the family.

* * * *

A week or two later I was standing at the bulletin board admiring the third recruiting poster which had just been set up to complete a tryptich featuring the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps, and debating with myself as to which of the three panels best handled the draping of Old Glory, when Frank Dahl came up and, "You better scram to barracks. Hell's popping."

I scrambled to barracks. Someone down the line was talking about muck, slime, bilge.

"What's up?"

Jim Sawton turned around. "We just found out it's slum again tonight and we're trying to figure something to do."

I could see the point. In two weeks now we'd had slum twelve times. It was pretty foul stuff too. And that morning the milk and butter had been bad and the bread stale. That noon we'd had army mule (drouth beef) too tough to chew. We were hungry. Most of us had skipped several meals rather than eat, and at fifteen cents a day you can't live on candy bars.

But the whistle blew before we'd made up our minds. We went over to the mess hall and sat down. First down the long row of tables came the mess orderlies bearing soup, a fresh salad and a roast, accompanied by dismal groaning from the men until they disappeared in the officers' mess hall. On their heels was the regular Kitchen Police with bowls of steaming slum. It was thin and greasy. It smelt sour. There was the beef we had sent back from the woods that noon, cut up and floating idly in the company of a few turnips and potatoes. The man at my right swore he could identify his own teeth-marks on one piece.

Suddenly Joe Pelozzi at one of the tables down the room jumped to his feet. "Hoddam!" he roared, "I don't lak this stuff!" He lifted his mess-kit high and smashed it to the floor. A low growl ran down the line of tables. Then everyone surged up, table after table, cursing, shouting, flinging slum-laden mess-kits in every direction. We stalked out, leaving the mess hall a shambles.

An hour later the camp was told to assemble at the recreation hall. The louie appeared. "What's the matter with you fellows?" he inquired, "what do you want? After all, we eat the same things you do, and we're not kicking." There was an electric tension for a

moment, until someone giggled weakly. That touched us off. Roar after roar of laughter went up into the quiet sky until the pines seemed to bend to the waves of sound.

"All right," said the louie when he could be heard, "you can go to hell. If you want a showdown you'll get it."

That night seven of us met behind the woodpile and planned a campaign of action. So at noon the next day when the trucks brought the grub to the woods, we were ready. Sure enough, slum again. Evidently he wanted a test.

The trucks went back with the food untouched and we spent the rest of the day sitting around smoking and tightening our belts. That night we didn't enter the mess hall. The next morning we refused to go to the woods.

And at noon the lieutenant decided to announce that he had made an investigation and that he had been mistaken. He wanted to apologize and assure us that there would be an immediate improvement. That night we had fried chicken and blueberry pie.

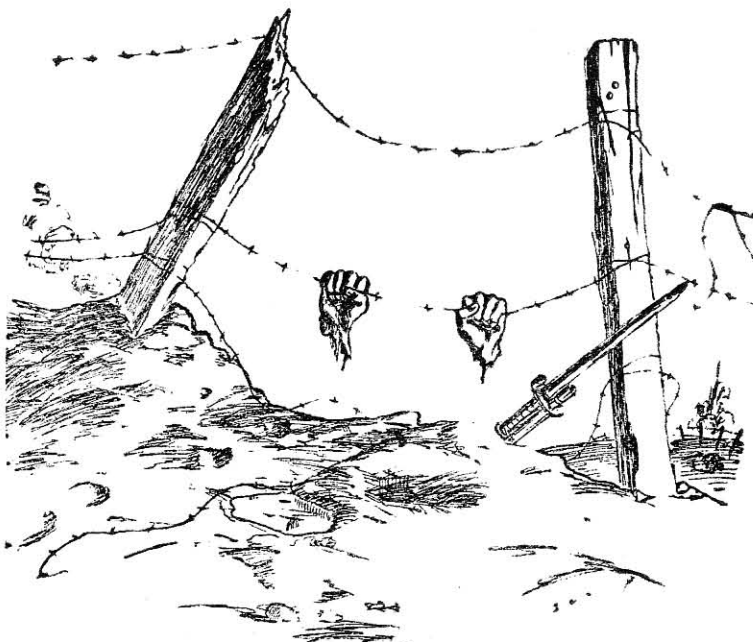
* * * *

But two days later came Saturday. It was this way. On five days a week we worked for the Forestry Service. On Saturday we worked for the Army at camp clean-up and maintenance.

That Saturday morning it appeared the lieutenant had decided that since the cesspool hadn't been cleaned in six months, it was about time. And by a curious coincidence the squad assigned to clean it was composed of Joe Pelozzi and the seven fellows who had planned the strike.

We went to work. We were given rubber boots, buckets and two shovels. An hour later we were retching helplessly, having thrown up so often that our stomachs contracted spasmodically. Two of us were laid out with cramp. One man, attacked while working

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in the pit, bent double, collapsed and went under the surface. We fished him out with the shovels.

Finally Pelozzi got the lieutenant and asked that the crew be relieved by another. The louie said we could finish. Joe said we couldn't. The louie said we could finish or get out. Joe asked him if it was because of the strike. The louie said no, of course not, but maybe we got the idea anyway.

Joe looked at him, slowly comprehending. He flushed, "Hoddam, Meesta Rennold!" he burst out, "eet'sa bad eenuf to eata that stuff weethout cleaning ita up again afterword!" So Joe and two others quit and went over the hill that night.

We five who were left managed to finish, but we couldn't eat for two days and couldn't get rid of the smell for a week.

Camp sanitation improved while I was there. The camp had been under quarantine for scarlet fever for three weeks when one of the district supervisors went through a barracks that had been turned into an auxiliary hospital. He fired the doctor when the men testified the slop-pails hadn't been emptied for over a week.

With the coming of the new doctor, conditions changed for the better, although he was tremendously hampered by Army red tape, and didn't have much to work with. All body-lice cases were segregated and finally eliminated. However, two weeks before I left, bed-bugs were discovered and had spread to all the barracks by the time I had gone. As winter was coming on, it was almost certain they wouldn't be gotten rid of before spring. That must have been bad. I remember waking up one night to find nine of them crawling on my eyelids.

* * * *

I had intended to re-enlist and stay over the winter. We had a leave-strike planned for about the middle of October. A shipment of replacements was coming up on the first, and we figured two weeks would be required to swing them over to the strike. We were working more carefully now and staying pretty much under cover, having gained experience from the last strike and knowing that the camp was simply crawling with stool-pigeons.

But about the twentieth of September, someone shoved me when I wasn't looking, and I fell on an axe,

burying it in my shin. On the twenty-second I was lying in the hospital when the doctor came in, (he was a pretty good friend of mine), and said, "Well, we just got some good news. Guess what."

I said, "What?"

"They're sending up a bunch of guns next week."

"What do you mean, guns?"

"Why, regular army Springfields, I guess."

"Well, listen, lieutenant," I said, "does that mean they're going to give us regular military training?"

"Oh no! No, of course not. These damn pacifists'd put up too much of a holler if we pulled anything like that. No, they're going to start shooting clubs, put up a rifle range and give instructions to anyone who wants to join."

"Oh, I said 'I get it. And since there isn't a kid living who isn't crazy over a gun, it'll be almost a hundred per cent enrollment?'"

"Sure, that's the idea." He winked. "It's a good idea, don't you think?"

So with that as a tip-off, we began to rush the strike plans. It was almost imperative now that we pulled it off before the new men came. But the inevitable happened and the plan sprung a leak. I found out afterward that one of our best men had been working for the commanding officer all along.

At any rate, on September 27th, the C. O. came to the hospital and said that he was awfully sorry but that, due to my sick record, regulations wouldn't allow me to re-enlist.

I pointed out the case of one man, an officer's orderly, who had been in the hospital seven weeks with poison ivy, but was re-enlisting.

"Well, that case was a little different."

I said, well, on thinking it over, I thought I could see the difference. He as a stool-pigeon, while we were the reason for stool-pigeons. We were cause, he was effect. But nevertheless, if he got rid of us there'd be no work for the stool-pigeon. Maybe even vice-versa. It seemed a sort of vicious circle to me, I said. But now that the camp had achieved a sort of balance, why couldn't the lieutenant leave things as they were, and make everybody happy?

The lieutenant left in a huff. When, three days later, we left in much the same frame of mind, it was mainly because our cherished strike was going with us.

SCIENTISTS - ACT

ROBERT DUBIN

Professor Merriam writes in his *Political Power*, "The process of social technique and control, coincident with the advances in modern intelligence and science, begin to make their way." And as if to amplify this statement E. L. Bernays, foremost American publicity man, once said:

Opinion management is one of the most vital forces today. If you want to preserve democracy or create fascism, the only way is through opinion management. Whether it is cigarettes, or in a political movement, or an infants' food, it is necessary to recognise mass opinion.

Everyone recognises the fact that Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin in Europe, and Hearst, Long and Coughlin

in America owe their influence to the fact that they are mass opinion managers. But the significant fact that the social control which these men exercise is "coincident with advances in modern..... science" has been easily overlooked.

The social scientist has seldom been the one to use directly the result of his research. He has not gone to the public, the ultimate user of his findings, to sell it his work. He intrusted this selling function to others and has only a dazed, bewildered feeling when, in Germany and Italy, he suddenly finds himself persecuted by the demagogues and politicians, the salesman in whom he had placed such implicit faith. In the light of

this it is necessary to redefine the function of the social scientist in society.

We must start by recognising that the work of the social scientist only has social value when his conclusions and plans are accepted by society. Adam Smith has immediate influence on his contemporaries through the widespread acceptance of his teaching, while Karl Marx's influence has only recently become of prime social significance. It is obvious in both cases that the approval of society or the powerful groups in society was necessary to make both Smith and Marx significant.

The scientist does not live merely to study for the sake of study. His is not a field of historical survey from which aesthetic satisfaction is to be derived. The political scientist develops coherency in the mechanics of government and points to changes which must be affected to keep the mechanism balanced; the economist has his immediate reforms which are necessary to regulate the economic activities of society; the geographer is ready to plan the best social use of our land and natural resources if society would only say, "go ahead;" the sociologist, the anthropologist, in a word all the students of society have their studies which either consciously or unconsciously point to a reorganization of the existing conditions. The necessity of this reorganization is very broadly recognized in the phrase "cultural lag," by which is simply meant that there are parts of the whole social structure which are still working at the foundation level while other parts are already at the tenth and twelfth stories and have even installed plumbing.

Having established the necessity of social acceptance to give the work of the social scientist any significance it is necessary to add that the scientists accept as one of their major propositions that society is in a state of flux. This means that tomorrow our social organism will be different from what it is today, but it can just as well move backward as forward. In what direction will the change actually occur? The answer is the direction in which those who have the solution acceptable to society and the ability to make society consider and accept that solution, want us to move. Bernays illustrates this when he says that "if you want to create fascism or preserve democracy, the only way is through opinion management."

But it is obvious that we do not want to "create fascism." Yet when the social scientist piously denounces fascism as being bad from an objective and scholarly viewpoint, he evades the whole issue of his connection with fascism. It is said that Hitler made an intensive study of Le Bon, the pioneer French social psychologist. It was here we can be sure that Hitler learned much about opinion management. And today in our own university we have Professor Lasswell's studies of individual political behavior. This work in the hands of an American dictator might prove of great value to the dictator and would probably lead to the elimination of all social scientists—including Lasswell. In the words of Professor Merriam, "regardless of how well we understand the individual and his motives, we in no way alter his relationship with and influence over other individuals in what we call politics." This understanding is necessary surely, but by whom and for what it is to be used is a matter of equal importance. Should Lasswell's findings be tools in the hands of an American Goebbels? Mr. Lasswell apparently doesn't

give a damn. If the social scientist, who above all others is best fit by training to see the best adjustment society can make with itself, if he refuses to throw the weight of his ability against fascism, and if he refuses to attempt to "manage opinion" for more rational action, then the managerial job will be filled by the politician, demagogue, and charlatan.

It has been the major tendency for the scientist to give the results of his work to the politician and demagogue to act as the middle-man in selling the work to the public. This division of labor has been carried to the point where the scientist has no control over the selling of his work to society, with the result that the work is easily perverted.

We have, on the one hand, the social scientist working and seeking after workable formulas for society. On the other hand we have the governmental administrator, the politician and the demagogue taking these formulas and getting society to accept them, more often than not in a highly perverted form. The scientist justifies his abstinence from any but a mildly propagandistic effort in favor of his findings by setting himself in the role of the objective observer, a truly Martian gentleman. The politician and demagogue encourage this teetotaler attitude for it puts their perversion of the scientific results beyond the realm of any attack which might succeed in disestablishing their hold on the loyalty of the people they control. Imagine Hitler defending his racial views before the onslaught of an effective anthropological propaganda machine in the hands of honest scientists.

On the face of it, a science that is a propaganda ministry for its own work seems out of place. After all, it can be argued, the scientists do not agree among themselves as to what really is the best course of action. But is that exclusively so? The geographers as a group are overwhelmingly convinced that we need to plan the use of our natural resources from a social point of view; let them go to the man in the street and convince him that robbing oil fields and wasting timber in the name of private enterprise is an anti-social practice; the anthropologists are in perfect agreement concerning the question of racial superiority—the world conference proposed by Prof. Cole to acquaint the world with the anthropological viewpoint is a move in the right direction; Professor Gideonse shows that even economists are fully agreed that tariffs and trade barriers are a false economic doctrine—let them go directly to the public in support of their views. The argument that social scientists could not agree with themselves is not too serious to be impossible to overcome.

How can one retain an objective point of view so necessary for science and be a propagandist too? But is this really a valid objection? The whole of the so-called scientific viewpoint starts with an examination of all possible courses of action and then accepts the best and acts upon its conclusions. Cannot this duality of investigation and action still be maintained by the scientist? His effort to convince society to act in the light of his findings should only come after his objective study of the best possible courses of action. In short his role is not materially different from what it now is. He merely assumes direct control of the selling of his wares to the public, he expands his already existing propaganda which now takes the form of popular

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Do You Believe in Violent Revolution?

**MAYNARD
KRUEGER**

Those who believe that the interests of the majority of mankind require the abolition of one system of economic organization and the institution of another one are often asked, "Do you advocate violent overthrow or peaceful and orderly change?"

It is not the purpose of this particular article to defend the desirability of this change, nor its feasibility. We are not even concerned with the probability that the one method or the other will ultimately prevail, but rather with the manner in which the decision is made.

The above question is usually asked by an incipient Fish or Hearst with the air of a noble Roman who has just cast another Christian to the lions. But it is really a trick question. There are two tricky things about it. The first is that it implies that the method of change will be determined by what people advocate instead of what they do. The second is that the question is addressed to the wrong people. Let us reverse the question and follow it through.

We favor abolition of private ownership of the means of production and the substitution thereof of a system of social ownership and control. Assume that a large number of people desire this change;—the only assumption under which the methodology is important. Under what conditions may the change be accomplished by peaceful and orderly means? The following would appear to be prerequisites:

1. People shall be free to join any political party of their own choice.
2. It shall be relatively easy for new or minority parties to get on the ballot.
3. Freedom of expression shall be maintained.
4. Universal suffrage shall be maintained in fact.
5. Ballots shall be freely cast and honestly counted.
6. Election shall be held.
7. Elected officials shall be seated.

If these prerequisites be established and honored, the channels are cleared for orderly change no matter how fundamental. The common belief that anything that is really worth doing can be done by orderly parliamentary procedure alone is based on the assumption that each of the above conditions is fully met. As a matter of historical fact, however, some of them have never been fully met, and most of them are more precarious now than they were in the palmy days of post-war "prosperity" when the defenders of the status quo were not quite so jittery as they seem to be now.

What is most significant is that the most zealous defenders of these prerequisites for orderly change have been not the Walgreens who look under their beds for communists every night before retiring, nor the Legion-

naires who, in some instances, fought to "make the world safe for democracy," nor even the traditional liberals, who put their faith in the above listed conditions and then forget how to defend them. The most active defenders of these democratic principles and the most insistent exponents of their extension have been the Socialists—not that these principles might be stood in the corner and worshipped like ikons, but that they might be used as a means of accomplishing fundamental change in an orderly manner.

Those who undermine this machinery of orderly change and bear the heavy responsibility for the inconvenience and other unpleasant aspects of "disorderly" change, are those who ignore, condone, defend, or aggravate the following situations with respect to the above listed conditions:

1. People are not legally free to join any political party of their own choice as long as criminal syndicalist and sedition laws are on the books. The number of these laws is increasing. People are not economically free to join any political party as long as discrimination in hiring and firing continues to exist on a political basis as it does in many industrial concerns.
2. It is not easy but almost impossible for minority parties to secure places on the ballot legally wherever large filing fees are required, or the number of signatures demanded on a filing petition is excessive. To be specific, the Illinois law which makes it necessary to get more than 60,000 signatures on a petition, misspelled exactly as on the registration lists, in order to nominate a Chicago city ticket, is a measure which vitiates the prospect of orderly change.
3. Freedom of expression includes the constitutionally guaranteed freedom of speech, press and assemblage. But freedom of the press has been delivered into the hands of its chief enemy, the publishers, who have fairly effectively emasculated the freedom of a reporter who sees and thinks to write and print a description of what he sees or thinks. Witness the Hearst-Knox-McCormick headlines on the April 12th anti-war demonstration on the Midway. And the effective interpretation of our constitutional rights of freedom of speech and assemblage is quite commonly left in the hands of practical minded police lieutenants with court appeals costly and dilatory.
- Beyond the purely negative aspects of these civil liberties, however, lies the more fundamental problems of achieving equality of opportunity for expression. Meeting halls, radio time, and printing plants are customarily available only to those who can pay for them. In the competition of political program they represent a handicap reserved to favor the strong.
4. Universal suffrage is not maintained in law when recipients of relief are disfranchised, as in Maine, nor in fact when a poll tax deprives the poor of the

- voting privilege as in many Southern states.
5. The conduct of polling places and the counting of ballots in Chicago and other cities has not been such as to engender enthusiastic confidence in their accuracy as a device by which "the will of the people" may be made to prevail. It is quite probable, however, that an organization capable of turning out a substantial vote would in most cases be able to see that its votes were counted despite the assistance of election officials.
 6. The cancellation or postponement of elections is not entirely unknown. It has happened in many instances in other countries, when the outcome of the election was doubtful. It happened recently in Indiana under Paul McNutt, and it happened in Chicago when Edward Kelly was named by City Council to fill the Cermak vacancy. In the latter case the legislature was suddenly persuaded to change the rules and avoid the expense of an election by permitting the Council to elect a Mayor—perhaps partly because Kelly had held appointive office all his life and didn't yet want to break his record.

But if an election can be cancelled in time of peace, and political stability when the outcome is not doubtful, merely because of the inconvenience which the election may involve, how much better excuses may be produced for doing the same thing in time of instability when the outcome is doubtful! The processes of orderly chance require that elections be held and not cancelled or postponed.

7. Whether officials pledged to fundamental change in a property system would actually be seated when elected remains to be seen. In the state of New York during the war hysteria of Lusk days, five Socialist legislators were refused their seats although their election was conceded.

To those who have instigated the present vicious assault upon the none-too-sturdy foundations of the machinery of orderly change we may well address this question: "Do you believe in the desirability of orderly change, no matter how fundamental the change may be? We do. But if you say you do, your actions belie your words."

THE LIBERAL

DAVID S. SAVLER

Henry P. Binker, Junior, looked out through his broad office window at the town of Pottowattomie Harbor, Wisconsin. Not really a stagnant town, he thought, noticing the contrast between the old brick buildings, a keystone over each window, and some of the remodelled black tile and chromium store fronts. Over the low, arched roof of the garage across the street stretched an unobstructed view of the river, the yards, and the aluminum-ware factories. A car-ferry was slowly gliding leftward, toward the lake. The panorama was brought to his ears by a summer breeze.... shunting of freight-cars, chugging of switch-engines, hum of passing cars and voices from below, the prolonged blast of the car-ferry whistle. A lively town all right, twenty thousand people, nothing to be ashamed of.

He inhaled one more lungful of fresh air and returned to his desk. Twenty thousand people, and plenty of troubles, too. There was the Wyatt aluminum works across the river. The town was really built around that. It looked serene enough there in the summer sunshine, as if it had nothing to do with the ultimatums and counter-ultimatums that were being sent back and forth. Forty more hours before the strike would begin. (Would there be violence? Was the governor ready to send National Guards? Were there really Communist agitators in town, or was that just another false rumor?) Standing just as determinedly on the other side was Old Man Wyatt, who would tolerate nothing but a company union. Parleying.... bickering.... capital and labor.... right and left, each with its vociferous spokesmen.... but those stolid and silent Poles and Germans who lived in little white shacks across the river and filed in and out of the long, concrete building when the whistles blew, what did they think?

And Henry P. Brinker, Jr., who, at the age of only thirty-five, had suddenly found himself full owner and editor of the *Herald*. What did he think?

He picked up a magazine from his desk and thumbed over the pages. There was a good magazine, urbane

and liberal, published in New York.... for Free-thinking New Yorkers and Chicagoans, inclined to be socialistic, but that kind of stuff didn't go over in Pottowattomie Harbor. Why were small towns so reactionary? Four years of college at Madison and three more living in Chicago must have made him different from the others, but surely there must be some liberal element in town that could be played upon and developed.

He suddenly found himself playing with an intense desire to smash the smug arrogance of that emaciated, frozen-faced Wyatt, that skinflint, who, keeping a haughty silence, would stop in Pottowattomie Harbor for intermittent sojourns in a rambling English house with half-timbered gables that overlooked the highway. Nobody liked him.

A sense of his own power came upon him; it was an inspiration. He was the owner and editor of the town's only newspaper. His father had passed on; it was now time to put new life into the paper. He was still a young man, and there was no reason why he should continue with reactionary policies. No, he didn't have to be a radical either; that was going too far, but he could try an experiment in liberalism. Fair Play for the Workers (or something like that) would be his maxim during the impending strike. At his hands he had an instrument for the moulding of public opinion. An idea for an editorial, a shocking editorial to be put in bold face on the front page, a manifesto announcing a change of policy! He played with it for a while.... started to write.

There was an interruption. Elbert Greene, the portly man of sixty who owned the large department store on Columbia Avenue was announced by the secretary.

"Well, well, how's the editor feel today?"

"A bit lazy," admitted Brinker with a smile, "Here it is already eleven A. M. and I'm just beginning to write today's editorial."

"Pretty soft, pretty soft, being editor-in-chief. You used to do plenty of hustling when you were managing-

editor for your old man. Now I suppose you'll start building a pot-belly like mine!" They both laughed. "Well, anyway, if you can write editorials as good as your dad used to, you're all right!"

Noticing a vague uneasiness about Brinker, Greene was afraid that he might have made a mistake in mentioning the father, who had died within the last month. As long as he had known him, Henry Brinker Junior had always seemed a rather sensitive fellow.

"Well, uh, what I came to see you about was...." He took a chair and they began to discuss the business of a half-page advertisement in the next day's issue. The problem was settled in about twenty minutes. Then the editor filled his pipe, and the merchant bit off the end of a new cigar for a few minutes of smoke and relaxation.

Greene's eye fell on the magazine that Brinker had been reading. On its white cover were large captions concerning the textile strike, Governor Olson, Nazi activity in the Saar. He pointed to it with a blunt finger, especially indicating the little tell-tale sticker with Brinker's name and address on it.

"You don't subscribe to one of these goddam Socialist magazines, do you?"

"Oh, I have to get a lot of magazines through the mail that they don't sell around town. This magazine's got some good stuff in it if you're an editor trying to keep up on national affairs. You've got to get all slants on the question." Brinker explained, "Besides, it's not such a radical magazine at that; it's just liberal."

"Well," Greene shook his head, "I suppose it's all right, but this is no time to fool around with a lot of fancy professor's ideas. You know...." he cleared his throat and leaned forward, emphasizing his words by extending a didactic finger and tapping it on the edge of the desk, "we've got real problems right here in town. Lookit Wyatt's factory, a good plant where they pay good wages, and these here Reds here come sneaking around here from Milwaukee and Chicago and put a lot of wild ideas in the heads of these dumb Polacks. It's getting pretty dangerous; you don't know what they'll do next. Give 'em an inch and they'll take a mile!"

"But you must admit that there's something to be said on the side of the workers over at Wyatt's."

Greene looked at him suspiciously, "I suppose there might be something... but don't forget, you're the editor of the *Herald*, and that's a migh-ty responsible position. You're still young, and you've got to watch out how you say things."

"Don't worry," assured Brinker lamely. Greene shrugged his shoulders and slowly rose to leave.

"Oh, by the way, are you going to be busy this afternoon?" he asked.

"Well, that all depends."

"I'm going out to the club with Schorr and Anderson, and we could take along another man to make up a foursome."

"I might be able to get away; it'll be a nice afternoon," mused Brinker, "I'll tell you what; I'll give you a ring about one-thirty and tell you whether or not I can come."

"O.K." agreed Greene, with his hand on the door-nob, "And don't forget the supper at the church tonight."

"I can't very well. My wife's doing most of the cooking!"

Henry Brinker returned to his work. He sat thinking for a while on how to begin his editorial. The one that he had been writing when Greene had entered he crumpled up and threw in the wastebasket. Yes, he must remain liberal, but that did not mean that he should be a Red sympathizer. Fair play, you know.

In a few minutes his pencil began to travel across a new page:

"Serious problems assuming more than local dimensions are making themselves felt in the community these days. In such times it is always best to proceed with caution. Laborers in our local industries who feel that they are being unjustly treated should stop and consider the matter before raising their protests and then do the latter in an orderly manner.

"Violence stirred by outside agitation will lead nowhere. Our problems must be solved in an American way, by mutual co-operation of capital and labor, and always bearing in mind the fact that it is individual enterprise which has built...."

Let's Have Better Investigations

GEORG MANN

Governmental investigations of universities are whirling over the Middle West like the dust storms over Kansas. On every hand, the embattled legislators are girding on their dark glasses, planting pints of Old Oscar Pepper in the bottoms of their valises, and climbing aboard the day coaches for the campuses, intent on defending Manchester and ragged individualism against the inroads of impartial observation. The response of the universities has been varied; on some campuses, conservative professors have hailed the approaching program with ill-disguised joy because it will succeed in eliminating the conspicuous radicals and permit the institution to regain its reputation for spotless reaction. On others, there has been scurrying about, barring of doors and gates, and shouting of "We will defend academic freedom until the end." But the purpose of the investigation is everywhere the same, the legislators,

being marketable commodities in a capitalist world, are determined to root out all rumors concerning the possible existence of a better economic system.

Such an investigation is in prospect for the University of Chicago. Essentially, the legislators are interested in only one thing, what ideals, dangerous to the existing system of private profit and the government based upon it, are being taught at this university. But I would like to suggest another kind of investigation; one that might be a little less spectacular and amusing perhaps, but one that would reveal far more of the fundamental structure and purposes of this and most other universities. And I would propose that it examine the history and functions of the University of Chicago in somewhat the following manner.

* * * *

(Turn to Page 12)

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE STRIKE

TRUMAN KIRKPATRICK

Chicago's prostituted press succeeded in concealing from most Chicagoans the news that the April 12 Strike Against War was a gigantic success across the country. While the Tribune and Examiner were sneering "fizzle" and "fake" at the strikers, 175,000 students walked out of their classes to form the greatest student demonstration against war this country has ever seen. Braving rainstorms, administrative disapproval and irresponsible rowdism, the students of the United States demonstrated their unalterable opposition to the forces making for war.

30,000 came out in New York alone. 5000 struck at Minnesota, 3500 at Western Reserve, 2500 in Milwaukee, 1200 at Ohio State, 3500 at Pennsylvania, 1000 at Syracuse, 600 at Toledo, 1500 at University of California, 3000 at Oberlin, 1300 at Brown, 1000 at Akron, 1200 at Johns Hopkins—these are just a few of the scores of universities participating.

Many high school students joined the strike; Collinwood high school in Cleveland turned out its whole 4600 students. Twenty-four high schools in New York contributed strikers. West Allis High School in Milwaukee joined the Milwaukee strike. In Philadelphia 250 struck. In many other cities, some of the high school students defied administrative disapproval and struck. In general, relatively few high school pupils joined the strike because the faculty members forcibly prevented the students from demonstrating.

In many places the authorities made determined, nay, desperate attempts to halt the strike. At Los Angeles Junior College, two girl students were slugged by policemen, the university loud speaker system was used to drown out the speakers, and finally the lawn sprinkler system was employed to disperse the crowd. In New York high schools midterm examinations were set for the strike hour.

The methods used to keep Chicago school students from striking are probably about as bad as anywhere. Examinations were given at the scheduled hour; announcements were made that students who struck would be suspended; boys distributing handbills were arrested; exit doors were locked (in violation of fire laws) and guarded by ROTC men; and some of the strike leaders were brutally beaten. Lester Schlossberg of Crane Tech was most seriously injured. He is now bringing suit against the principal of Crane as a result of his attack. In spite of all this, a few students managed to escape from school and strike. The University of Chicago meeting had as guests twelve striking Hyde Park High School students who eluded the guard, some of them by sneaking through the boiler room.

Some have tried to laugh off the strike. They declare it is meaningless, that declarations against war will all be forgotten when the conflict draws near. A sufficient answer to these skeptics is given by the school authorities who tried so hard to suppress the demonstrations, and by the students who boldly defied the suppression. Beatings and arrests are not the kind of weapons used to control harmless fun. The school administrations evidently recognized that they were deal-

ing with a serious matter—a growing feeling of revolt against the folly of war and a determination not only to think but to act about it.

On the other hand, the students who struck in spite of all difficulties showed that they were not trifling, either. It was a strike—not just a demonstration. It was a fire drill—a dress rehearsal—of a form of action which may be used against war when it comes. A general strike against war can stop war. If, when war is declared, workers and students everywhere will lay down their tools, abandon their tasks, and refuse to participate, the war cannot be conducted. If we are to avoid the catastrophe of a second world war, some such action as this is necessary. We rarely hear the Kellogg Peace Pact talked of nowadays. The time to rely on treaties to keep the peace is gone. Only the determined vow not to fight, or participate in war, will stop war.

The strike was the most encouraging event for the cause of peace that has happened in many a year. At last a militant powerful peace movement is taking form.

DESIGN FOR DYING



BETTER INVESTIGATIONS (continued)

The financial support for the university rests on the contributions made by wealthy men. And it is impossible to argue that these men are so careless as to donate their dollars to an institution devoted to the destruction of the capitalist system. On the other hand, it does not necessarily follow that because the material foundation rests on these endowments, the university is nothing more than a bought and paid for bulwark of the status quo. The present legislative investigation proves, that in certain sections at least, it manages to disguise its functions fairly well. But basically speaking, in spite of the slogan of "academic freedom" (which will bear stricter analysis later on) the University of Chicago is little more dangerous to the House of Morgan than, let us say, Dwight Morrow used to be. Nevertheless, the university has an enviable reputation in the United States for frank and fearless scholarship, for hewing to the line of truth and not heeding where the chips may fall. How does the administration manage to stand in with the scholars on one side and with Lasalle Street on the other?

In order to understand this, it is necessary to analyse briefly the present state of American scholarship. Let no one imagine that American scholarship bears any resemblance to the conception of research held during the Renaissance, the stern and relentless pursuit of knowledge combined with the living of the good life. American scholarship is solely interested in the accumulation of as many facts about as many different subjects as possible. Moral issues interest it only in the historical sense. The discovery of truth bears with it no compulsion to act, or even to assume that truth bears any immediate relationship to life. Therefore, when President Hutchins raises the slogan of "academic freedom" he is only stating that he believes scholars have the right to think about what they please. Within limits, the scholar may communicate his thoughts to his pupils; that is, he can propagandise toward the discovery of new facts, but the assumption of objectivity prevents any suggestions tending toward inspiring action outside the realm of scholarship. It is easy to see why such a spirited defense of "academic freedom" poor bloodless thing that it is, should meet with the approval of American scholars; in a certain sense, it represents the highest morality that they know.

On the other hand, this "academic freedom" can meet with little or no opposition from the business men. Eventually, of course, even the dissemination of scholarly ideas will be dangerous to the economic system; even truth, although it is not intended to be acted upon, will show too clearly the fallacies and injustices inherent in what is genteely called "free competition." But at the present time, (although such a situation, obviously, cannot long continue) it is possible to tolerate, within well defined limits, any amount of free discussion provided that discussion does not lead to action. Academic geese, cackling in a corner, are not the most immediate enemies of the profit system.

Of course, the ideal of modern "academic freedom" that has been presented here, is not necessarily slavishly adhered to in many universities. Most of them are perfectly willing to scrap even the pretense of the search for truth in order to gain the funds to build bigger gymnasiums. Our university shows far greater regard

for keeping to the letter of the law at least than almost any other. Nor would Socialists insist on scrapping "academic freedom" or treating it as though it were not germane to attainment of their goal. In fascist universities, there is no attempt to preserve even an impartial attitude toward the facts of scholarship. But we insist that scholarly objectivity is not enough. We are, perhaps, naive enough to assume that free discussion on social problems will lead students to Marxism; but mere discussion cannot in itself lead to action. There must be a tradition which insists upon the necessity of not only discovering the truth, but also in acting upon what has been discovered. This is necessary both from a Marxist point of view, and perhaps, more important, from the standpoint of developing within those who believe in democracy an active opposition to the rising menace of fascism, fascism which in itself is the negation of all the freedom of thought cherished by the defenders of academic freedom.

* * * *

The present legislative investigation may reveal that all political creeds are discussed at this university; but ours has shown, however cursory it may have been, that whatever professors and students may think or say, the tradition of American scholarship (which, we Socialists believe, is mainly due to the economic foundations of our universities) successfully precludes the possibility of action. And therefore, we urge that instead of only defending our right to think what we please (important as that is) we insist upon our right to act as a result of that thinking.

SCIENTISTS—ACT (continued)

books, articles and speeches.

A third objection to an active propagation by science of its own work is the inevitability of conflict with the status quo. This conflict, of necessity, must be faced. After all the recent "Walgreen affair" and the current legislative investigation of the schools are just such conflicts. And they are being met by the propaganda of science. The public statements in defense of the University by such men as Breasted and Merriam are nothing more than the reliance on the prestige which the public attaches to them to influence the public favorably. These incidents illustrate both the fact that the public must be convinced—propagandised, opinion managed—and the fact that science actually does use propaganda and propaganda techniques.

Since science itself cannot become a power group in society, it is necessary for science to ally itself with an already existing group. The complete subjugation of all social science in Germany and Italy to the will of the government, nay, the very prostitution there serves as a warning. Either the scientist must lose his soul and his objectivity in his subjugation, or he must be prepared to enter very actively into the management of society.

The social sciences must eliminate the middle-man dealer in its ideas and must bring itself, the producer, into direct contact with the ultimate consumer, the public.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE LEGISLATIVE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

Gentlemen:

We join hands with the trustees, the administration, the faculty, the student body and Mr. Walgreen in welcoming you to the University. We hope your stay here will be a pleasant one. All the facilities of the campus will be at your disposal, and we trust you will make full use of the 26 libraries, 53 scientific laboratories, 116 collections of papers and documents, 14 lounges, 123 drinking fountains, and 319 lavatories that constitute the tangible property of the University.

The U. of C. chapter of the Student League for Industrial Democracy, as the only campus organization dedicated to a program of "education for a new social order based on production for use instead of for profit," feels a special responsibility for your presence here, and takes upon itself the duties of host and guide. It is our hope that we may be able to help you along in your interesting investigation.

You are trying to learn whether any members of the staff are urging the forcible overthrow of your government and the government in Washington. You hope to put a stop to this, if it is going on, by holding over the University the club of taxation. All of this is part of a nationwide campaign on the part of Mr. William Randolph Hearst and his cronies to strangle anyone they disagree with.

In the first place, let us state that to the best of our knowledge no member of the staff of the University has ever taught the necessity of violent revolution. Georg Mann, in this issue of SOAPBOX, shows why. But there is no reason why any professor who, having made a careful study of society, has come to the conclusion that revolution is inevitable or necessary, should not openly publish and expound—and actively advocate—what he believes. As Robert Dubin points out in his article in this issue of SOAPBOX, the scientist is not worth his salary to society if he fails to act upon his findings and make it possible for others to act upon them. The men who wrote the Constitution of the United States did not qualify or modify in any way their plain statement of the right of free speech. There are no if's, but's or unlessees in the First Amendment. We recommend this document for your careful reading.

So much for freedom of speech. We should also like to point out the peculiar nature of your relationship to the whole question of radicalism. You gentlemen are legislators. You are in position, nominally, at least, to change and improve the government and our social system.

You are wise enough to realize that radicalism is a symptom, not an isolated phenomenon. Its two phases are symptomatic of two diseases of capitalist society:

poverty and insecurity breed a desire to change the economic system; the absence of real democracy breeds the demand for change by violent overthrow of the government representing the class in power.

It is within your competence as legislators to remedy these conditions, and thus to cut off at its source the agitation for a socialist revolution. If you think capitalism can satisfy all the economic needs of society, pass legislation to do away with poverty and insecurity. And if you cannot patch the system together so that it runs a few years longer, insure, at least, the orderly change of government by making government more democratic. Maynard Krueger's article in this issue of SOAPBOX points out some obstacles to democratic procedure which you might remove.

This is a challenge. We don't believe you could do this, even if you wanted to. As cogs in the bureaucratic machine in Springfield, your souls are mortgaged out to the economic class which controls that machine. The past record of your body gives ample evidence that you have no credentials to pass judgement on the activities of literate men and women; your presence on this committee is merely added proof of your servitude to that class which misgoverns our state and nation, and which is endeavoring to root out every vestige of free thought and action dangerous to its own violent interests. If you think our analysis is false, you know how you can demonstrate your independence and your honesty.

Respectfully yours,

The University of Chicago Socialist Club,
chapter of the Student League for Industrial Democracy.

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BOOK REVIEWS

The Studs Lonigan Trilogy

Judgement Day, James T. Farrell: The Vanguard Press \$2.50

JUDGEMENT DAY is the third book of a trilogy concluding the story of Studs Lonigan. The two previous books carried him through boyhood and adolescence. This book deals with his adulthood.

James T. Farrell is a Chicago novelist of growing distinction. He began his writing career while attending the University of Chicago intermittently for three years, and has obtained increasingly wide praise. H. L. Mencken has termed him as "the most promising—and by long odds—of all the young fictioneers now practising in the Republic," Horace Gregory, in the Nation, has said that: "Mr. Farrell's unblinking, open-eyed veracity reminds one of Theodore Dreiser at his best."

JUDGEMENT DAY is a realistic novel of contemporary life in Chicago during the depression era. "Studs" is the average young man of thirty who yearns to make his mark on the world. He works for his father who is a painter and decorator. The novel deals with his restlessness when there is not enough work, of his love affairs, of his small speculation in stock, of his family and friendships. Woven into the story skillfully and inseparably are all the problems of this depression-worn generation of young men who are unable to make adjustments to life in a paradoxical age, of old men who find themselves made doubly useless, and

of women who must see and endure intolerable heart-aches. It is sordid and crude, but no more sordid and crude than the situations which are depicted in excellent craftsmanship by Mr. Farrell.

"Studs," though handicapped by ill health and economic insecurity, aims to be on top of the heap, to be successful, to be notorious in one way or another. All of his attempts are unsuccessful and bitter in their futility. He and his girl Catherine decide to marry, and Studs spends one rainy afternoon looking for steady and profitable work. As a result he catches pneumonia and after weeks of illness Studs Lonigan dies, leaving to his unborn child the resolution of his difficulties, leaving tragedy where he intended to achieve greatness.

JUDGEMENT DAY is a story of conflict and of defeat. It leaves one strangely humble and humiliated in the face of a realism which is not a creation of the melodramatic mind, but an actuality. Its title is symbolic and significant; its chronicle of the maladjustment of a bewildered generation in a mad world is penetrating and thought-provoking.

Stirring is a trite word, but the one which most adequately described JUDGEMENT DAY. Powerful in its simplicity, mature in its understanding, it is a book to be read and pondered, for it presents issues which must be faced by the majority of us, and it presents problems which it will ultimately be our task to solve.

D. A.

Books You Should Own!

We List Below Essential Books That Should Be In Your Library

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OPEN EVENINGS

SCHUMAN'S NEW BOOK

The Nazi Dictatorship, Fred L. Schuman: Knopf \$3.00

We were somewhat aghast to find that its jacket flap recommended *The Nazi Dictatorship* as a book for the "intelligent layman." We are extremely suspicious of books for intelligent laymen; they suggest a paucity of factual meat with a good deal of literary parsley garnishing the bare places. Doctor Schuman's book, however, is not one of these.

The Nazi Dictatorship combines three functions: it is an analysis of the politico-pathology of the German petty bourgeoisie; it is a history of the National Socialist party; and it is a study of the technique of an arch propagandist. Moreover, Doctor Schuman's manner of writing is extremely effective, and one need not fear that *The Nazi Dictatorship* is the sort of book one reads more out of duty than of love.

Regarding Doctor Schuman's method of analysis, if Political Science is to be anything more than a sort of formal grammar of governmental institutions, it is necessary to discover the reasons for those forms. Marxists believe that the governmental pattern is always the one satisfactory to the economic requirements of the dominant class, and that the other classes in society carry on a ceaseless struggle to model the government more closely to their needs. In post-war Germany, the petty bourgeois were ground between an organized proletariat and a determined capitalism; they became the chief supporters of fascism. But fascism is not the solution of their economic troubles; it has even intensified them. One must seek another reason as well as that of their desperate economic uncertainty. This, Doctor Schuman believes, was the collective neurosis brought about by their hopeless circumstances. Hitler, by the clever use of symbols, brought these frantic people to believe that they need only have confidence in him, that he then would eliminate all of the forces that were opposing them, who were, he told them, the Jews, the Marxists, and the pacifists.

The Nazi Dictatorship is very complete in historical matter. It begins when Hitler joins the "German Workers" party and brings that party, now renamed the "National Socialist German Workers' Party" through the purge on June 30, 1934. One becomes well acquainted with the leaders of the movement, its organizational set-up, and the events, both great and small, that led to its ascent to power.

When the radical studies Nazi Germany, he seeks again and again an answer to why the two best organized proletarian parties in the capitalist world fell so objectly before Hitler. Schuman believes that Social Democracy was no more than a magnificent shell, which would not have been able to challenge Hitler even had its leaders been willing, which they definitely were not. The Communist Party, although handicapped by the inertia of Social Democracy, might nevertheless have

attempted revolt, but this would have precipitated war, and war was out of keeping with the exigencies of the Soviet Union's international position. D. N.

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